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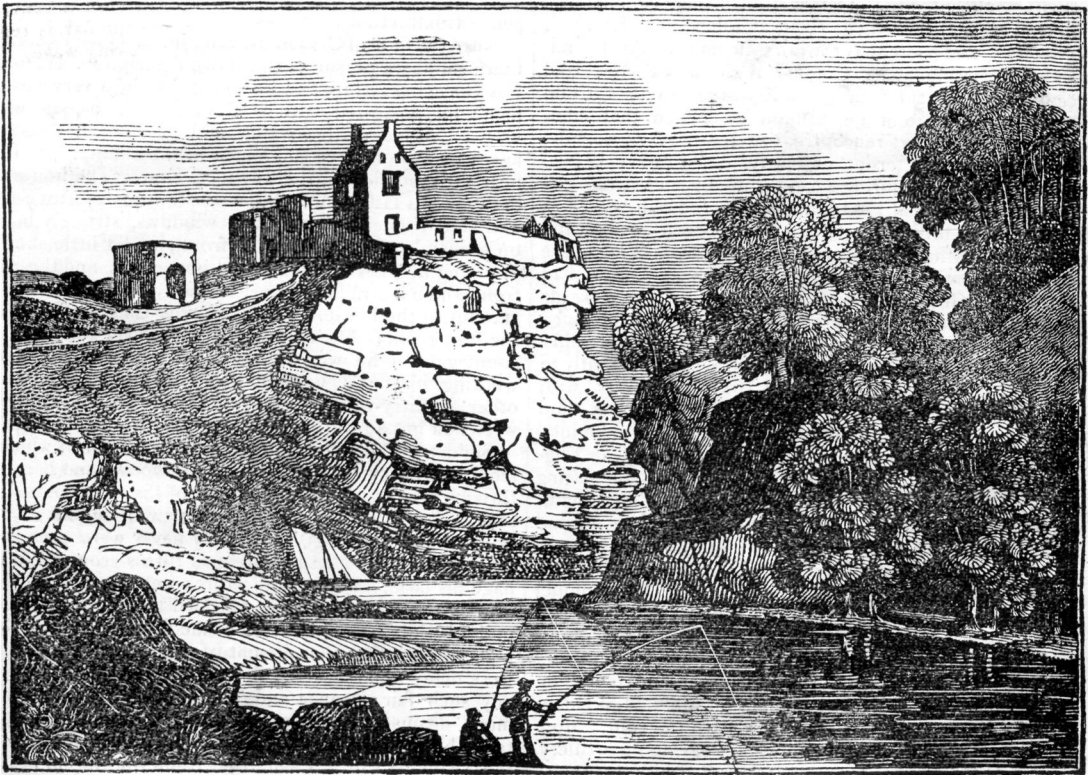
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pocket-handkerchief (if he does not use the sleeve of his coat) should have more holes than the French admiral's flag, at the battle of the Nile, and must on no account be washed above once in six months, for fear of wearing it out. In his carriage, he should preserve a gentle bend, by way of reducing his altitude to the level of common-place understandings. He should be exceedingly cautious how he frowns, lest it should be misconstrued into contempt; nor can he be too particular in the indulgence of a laugh, least it should be taken for derision. He may accept any invitation to dinner, and is never expected to return the compliment; nay, he may pop into any family, where he has the least footing, without hesitation, and take pot-luck, and charity prescribes the necessity of their pressing him to stay.

He must always be ready with a good joke cut and dried, to suit the humour of his company, to defend his host with, or amuse the family party. Every thing he says will be sure of applause, as coming from an author, and, above all, he must endeavour to be egotistical. If he should lack wit, and be without conversational talents (no unusual thing for a modern to want,) he need not be uneasy, if he can only manage to pass for an eccentric, and then his excessive stupidity will be placed to the account of his deep study and total abstraction. He should, on no account, shave more than once a week, because a long beard may be considered a mark of singularity inseparable from original genius. He must never think of paying his debts: first, because such a practice is wholly unprecedented and would ruin the whole profession by example; secondly, because, if any one has trusted him, he may be sure they did so from motives of charity and without hope of payment; or, thirdly, if any one has been

mad enough to indulge in such a chimerical expectation, his folly deserves correction. His residence should be in the attic of some old-fashioned building, where in times past, a celebrated poet was starved to death, or some distinguished literary character has since committed suicide. His furniture should be a truckle-bedstead with a flock mattress, and an old great coat for a coverlid; his couch or settee formed by the side or end of it; his box, for if he has no wardrobe to fill it with, he still should have a box, to give him consequence with his landlady, and serve the double purpose of shutting out prying curiosity from his papers, and forming a writing-desk by his bed-side. In writing he should be ambidextrous, and in catching an idea or a passing thought, jump instantly out of bed and commit the subject to paper on the inspiration of the moment. If he is ever imprisoned for debt, he should at tribute such an occurrence, not to any wild hope of enforcing payment, but merely as a friendly act, done in the idea that seclusion from the world may correct his idleness, better his fortune, and afford him at once the opportunity and incitement to pursue his labours. If he has not tasted of all these, and ten times more miseries than are here related, then he is no true author.

There are a set of dull, heavy, leaden-headed college mechanics, who having served an apprenticeship to the art of translating the classic languages, as they are called, lard their conversation with a succession of misplaced quotations, in monkish Greek or Latin, in the hope of passing for authors. Now be it known, we utterly reject any such pedantic persons, and any such claims to the rights and privileges of genius or the delightful sensations of the miseries of authorship.



BENBURB CASTLE.

The ancient castle of Benburb, situated in the barony of Dungannon, on the borders of the county of Tyrone, and but a few miles distant from Armagh, stands on a limestone rock, which rises upwards of one hundred and twenty feet over the Blackwater, and is nearly perpendicular on the two sides around which the river takes its course. It is thus, on those sides, rendered impregnable

by nature, while the height at which it stands over the surrounding country, must have made its defence a matter of very easy accomplishment by a very small garrison.—It was consequently regarded as a place of very considerable importance during the period in which the northern province was the theatre of war. It is rather strange, however, that whilst the generality of the old castles in the

north are composed of a very strong cement, and of such good materials as to render their reduction next to impracticable and while there is a great plenty of the best materials for building in the immediate neighbourhood, the Castle of Benburb was but badly constructed, of inferior materials, and the stones commonly of the pebble kind. At some distance from the castle, in the little village adjoining, there is a small ancient building, which appears to have been a watch-house belonging to the castle.

Lying in the immediate neighbourhood of Armagh, it was the scene of many a bloody engagement between the native Irish and the invading armies of the Scotch and English. That which took place in 1646 between Owen Roe O'Nial, aided by Sir Phelim O'Nial, and the Scotch general, Monroe, supported by Lord Blaney and Lord Montgomery, at the head of several English regiments, is thus given by Stuart in his History of Armagh.

About the end of May, 1646, Owen Roe O'Nial approached Armagh, at the head of five thousand foot and five hundred horse. Monroe, who was then stationed within ten miles of the city, arrived there with eight hundred horse and six thousand foot, at midnight, on the 4th of June. Meanwhile, O'Nial, aware of his advance, had encamped his troops at Benburb, betwixt two small hills. The rear of his army was protected by a wood, and the right by the river Blackwater. Here Monroe determined to attack him, and for this purpose, marched at the head of his troops, on the fifth of June. He had ordered his brother, George Monroe, to proceed expeditiously with his corps from Colerain, and to join him at Glasslough, or Benburb. O'Nial, aware of this movement, had despatched Colonels Bernard M'Mahon, and Patrick Mac Neny, with their regiments, to prevent the junction of this force with Monroe; a commission which, the abbe Mac Geoghegan says, they executed to the satisfaction of their commander. Monroe himself passed the river, at a ford near Kinnard, (Caledon), and marched towards Benburb. As he advanced, he was met by Colonel Richard O'Farrel, who occupied a strait through which it was necessary for him to pass, but the fire of his cannon compelled that commander, after a short rencontre, to retreat. And now the two armies met in order of battle. The wary O'Nial amused his enemy, during several hours with various manœuvres and trivial skirmishes, until the sun, which at first had been favourable to the Scots, began to descend in the rear of the Irish troops, and shed a dazzling glare on their enemies. The detachment which O'Nial had sent against George Monroe, was seen returning towards the hostile armies. The Scottish general, at first, imagined that this was the expected reinforcement from Colerain: but when he perceived his error, he prepared instantly to retreat. O'Nial, however, seized the opportunity, with the promptitude of an experienced commander, and charged the Scots and British with the most determined valour. The gallant Lord Blaney, at the head of an English regiment, made a noble defence. He fell combatting with the most undaunted resolution, and his men maintained their ground till they were hewn to pieces around their beloved commander. Meanwhile the Scottish cavalry was broken by O'Nial's horse, and a general rout ensued. A regiment, indeed, commanded by Colonel Montgomery retreated with some regularity; but the rest of the British troops fled in total disorder. Lord Montgomery, twenty-one officers, and one hundred and fifty soldiers were taken prisoners; three thousand two hundred and forty-three men were slain on the field of battle, and many perished the succeeding day in the rout. Monroe fled with the utmost precipitation, leaving his artillery, tents, and baggage with the greater part of his arms, booty and provisions to the enemy. Colonel Conway, accompanied by Captain Burke, also escaped to Newry, after having had two horses slain under him in his flight. Owen Roe O'Nial lost in this battle seventy men killed and two hundred wounded.

On the fourth of October, 1652, a high court of justice was held at Kilkenny, for the trial of such persons as had been accused of the commission of barbarous murders in the rebellion. This was followed by another which was held in Dublin, and here Sir Phelim O'Nial was arraigned, tried, condemned, and sentenced for execution. He had

concealed himself in an obscure island, where he was discovered and seized by the Lord Caulfield. Previous to his execution he was pressed to declare that he had received a commission from King Charles, authorizing the rebellion. Nay, at his trial, the judges promised that his estate and liberty should be restored to him if he could prove the existence of such a commission. But O'Nial, though brutal in life, was magnanimous in death, and persisted in declaring, even at the moment previous to his execution, that he never had any commission from the king for levying troops or prosecuting the war.

THE WHITEBOYS.

During the summers of 1828 and 1829, the Queen's county, and the counties of Carlow, Kilkenny, &c. were greatly disturbed. The peasantry having entered into a very extensive combination, under the title of Whiteboyism, kept the country in a continued state of alarm. In a story of this nature, professing to be a picture of a certain trait in our national manners, it would not be proper to discuss the occasions or circumstances which are said to have given rise to this illegal association or conspiracy; we propose only to describe our countrymen as they really are, with regard to morals, turn of thought, and expression, without lessening, exaggerating, or caricaturing in any way.

The Irish *scullogues*, or large farmers, who act as middlemen and land-agents, are generally hated by the lower farmers and cottiers, on whom they practice all the little tyranny which is in their power. As these people originally spring from the very lowest of the peasantry, they are also despised and detested the more, for the Irish, in general, look up with great respect to noble birth and genteel extraction.

Near the foot of Cloughbrennan, in the Queen's county, there resided a person of the above description. His name was Cornelius Cahill, and he was said to be a very wealthy man: he possessed two or three large farms, and was a very extensive cattle breeder and grazier; he was also agent to two or three gentlemen in the county. He lived near the road side on the way to Carlow. The house was built by his father, and was a small, square, stone-built and slated tenement, with two windows, strongly barred on each side of a hall-door in front; and a little skirting of young fir-trees running round between it and the road, from which a straight gravelled path led by a wooden-gate up to the house. Misther Corny Cahill's father was the first comfortable man of the name ever known in the country; and he was at one time a poor day-labourer, working his day's work at hedging, trenching, or any other country-work; and occupying, with his family, a wretched hut on the side of the hill of Cloughbrennan.

Suddenly he grew rich, and took a large farm, which he stocked with cattle, and built a farm-house, and became a thriving man, to the astonishment of his neighbours. He sent his children to school with new frize jackets, and brogues and stockings, which they never were seen with before, and employed labourers to till his ground and manage his farm. Many conjectures were formed as to the source of his wealth: some affirmed that he dug up a pot of gold while levelling a rath at the farm of Paddy Golding; others, that he dreamt of it one night; but there were many who suspected that he did not come by it by any such fair means; and hinted a story which made much against his character. At any rate he was christened by his neighbours *Donough an Thrunka*, or Denis of the Trunk; for it was said, that while working in a lonesome part of the mountain road by himself, a carriage, with only one servant, the coachman, passed by, to the back part of which a trunk was strapped, and that tempted by the opportunity afforded him by the loneliness of the situation, and the feasibility of detaching the trunk from its holdings, he followed the carriage to a certain part of the road, and mounting behind, cut the straps which fastened it, and buried the trunk beneath the new ditch which he was making by the road side. Another version of the story relates, that the trunk fell from behind the carriage, the weight of the gold it contained breaking the